

A N
A C C O U N T

Of the BEHAVIOUR of

Mr. *James Macclaine*,

From the TIME of his

CONDEMNATION

To the DAY of his

EXECUTION,

OCTOBER 3. 1750.

By the Reverend Dr. *ALLEN*,
Who attended him all that time, to assist him in
his PREPARATIONS for ETERNITY.

Drawn up and published at the earnest Desire of
Mr. *MACCLAIN*E himself.

The FOURTH EDITION,

*He that walketh with wise Men shall be wise; but a Companion
of Fools shall be destroyed. Prov. xiii. 20.*

*Again, when the wicked Man turneth away from his Wickedness
that he hath committed, and doth that which is lawful and
right, he shall save his Soul alive. Ezek. xviii. 27.*

*But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With Men this is im-
possible; but with God all Things are possible. Matt. xix. 26.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Noon, in *Cheapside*; and A. MILLAR,
in the *Strand*. 1750.

[Price 6d.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

OF THE

LANDS BELONGING TO THE

STATE OF NEW YORK

IN THE YEAR 1845

ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LEECH, 1845.

A N
ACCOUNT of the BEHAVIOUR
O F
James Maclaine, &c.

MR. JAMES MACLAINE (the unhappy Subject of the following Account) sent to me the Day after his Conviction, to desire my Offices as a Minister of the Gospel, in assisting him in his Preparations for Death. The first Opportunity I had, I went to him, and found him under inexpressible Agonies of Mind and Conscience: O Sir! said he, you have before you the most wretched Creature that ever was born, who have undone myself both as to this World, and to another also!

I told him, my Business, as a Christian Minister, was, to testify to him Repentance towards God, and Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ; that I would do him all the Service in that Character, I was able; and that, in order to my doing him the Service I sincerely wished to do him, he must allow me to deal plainly with him; and I hoped he would be open and ingenuous in all he said to me: Which he solemnly, and as a dying Man, assured me he would be.

I observed to him, that as, by common Report, he had associated with licentious young People of Figure and Fortune, and it was too well known, that such affected to disbelieve and despise all the Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion, under the polite Name of *Free-thinking*, I desired to

know of him, whether he had not fallen into the fashionable way of thinking and talking on these Subjects; especially as he was conscious, that his Life was spent in such a manner, as to have the greatest Occasion for these kind of Stupefiers : And I told him I was the more intent to know this, because, according to the Answer he gave me, I had a different kind of Work before me : If he had taken Shelter in Infidelity, I had his Judgment to inform, and his Prejudices to remove ; if not, my Business was only, by Divine Assistance, to endeavour to awaken his Conscience.

To all this he answered ; That tho' the most of those with whom he had lately conversed did ridicule all Religion, yet the Truths of Religion were so deeply rooted in his Mind, by means of a sober and good Education, that he was never able to entertain the least Suspicion of them ; no not when pursuing Courses of the most flagitious Wickedness, when it would have been his Interest to have disbelieved them.

I think it was on this Occasion that I asked him about the Truth of a Report I heard to have been made by the Person in whose House he had lodged at *Chelsea*, that he was often observed to be under great Agitation and Disturbance of Mind, even to the rolling about his Room in great Agony.

He said, It was true ; and that since he had entered upon the Highway, he never had enjoyed a calm and easy Moment : That when he was among Ladies and Gentlemen, they observed his Uneasiness, and would often ask him, what was the Matter that he seem'd so dull ? And his Friends would tell him, that surely his Affairs were under
some

some Embarrassment: But they little suspected, said he, the Wound I had within.

He told me, that, in a good Cause, he believed there was not a Man of greater natural Courage than himself; but that in every Scheme of Villainy he put *Plunkett* on the most hazardous Post: There, said he, I was always a Coward: My Conscience made me a Coward.

As he acknowledged the Crime for which he suffered, the Justice of his Sentence, and the great Wickedness of his Life, I thought my first Endeavours ought to be to bring him to a true penitential Sense and Conviction of his Sins: To which Purpose I observed to him, that it was very common for Persons going into Eternity, especially by an ignominious Death for Crimes, to discover a great Degree of Sorrow and Relentings; but that, by all I had observed, no great Stress was to be laid on these Compunctions; for that it had been often found, that when such Persons did escape the Death they were expecting, they returned to their old Courses of Wickedness—That it was necessary therefore for him to examine his Heart, and take the utmost Care he did not deceive himself—That true Repentance did not arise from the Dread of any Punishment which human Laws could inflict, but from a lively Sense of the Malignity and Ugliness of his Sins, as offensive to a pure and holy God; as Breaches of the Laws of his sacred Government; as Violations of his own Conscience; as Injuries to his precious immortal Soul; and, withal, as contrary to Justice and Benevolence, the Ties by which Society was held

held together; and without which there would be no living with Safety and Comfort in the World.

O Sir, replied he, I feel the Weight of my Crimes lying on my Conscience, in the Views in which you have represented them.—'Tis not Death I fear—The Shame and Violence of it don't give me a Moment's Uneasiness, and I think I shall go to it with as much Serenity as I step into my Cell. It is fit I should be made an Example.—But, Oh! the awful Presence in which I am soon to appear!—I was not bred up in the Ignorance I observe in several of the poor Wretches that are to die with me—I know the Scriptures—In the Height of my Wickedness, my Conscience always reproached me, and made me uneasy.

And, Oh! how can such a Wretch as I have been, entertain any Hopes of Mercy!

I told him, That all these Fears and Apprehensions were just—That it was not to be wondered at, that Reflections on a Life spent as his had been, should be very tormenting and uneasy; and, in the Views of the Eternity he was entering upon, that his Flesh *should tremble for Fear of God, and be afraid of his Judgments*—That if there was any Hope of Mercy for him with God, he must be laid very low before Him in contrite Humiliations—That, in these Humiliations, the Religion of all Sinners, and especially of such Sinners as himself, must begin: And let me say to you, continued I, and do you think of it—If you *can* be sincerely penitent, you *may*, through the Merits and Intercession of the blessed JESUS, be forgiven—But, for God's Sake, don't deceive

deceive yourself. — It is impossible for *me* to know your Heart; and the Circumstances you are in, make it difficult for *you yourself* to know it: Search it therefore to the Bottom; and seriously enquire, what Sorrow you have for your Sins, abstracted from the shameful untimely End they have brought you to. That only is godly Sorrow, and worketh Repentance unto Salvation, which would never be counter-acted, supposing your Life were to be saved. The great Difficulty, in short, is, how to be able to hope, that the Repentance is genuine, which had no Beginnings till you saw the Terrors of Death before your Eyes.

He said, He felt the Force of what I mentioned; and that he had often a Jealousy of himself, arising from that Consideration: But, said he, if the utmost Abhorrence of myself for my past wicked Life; If the deepest Sense of my Ingratitude to my God, my most bountiful Benefactor; of my wilful Transgressions of his Laws; of my Violations of my Conscience, which, in the Height of my Wickedness, was not hardened (and I thank God it was not!); If Indignation at myself for the Injuries I have done my Fellow-Creatures, and the Distress I have brought upon my worthy Relations — If these (abstracting from all I am to suffer in this World) are Marks of true Repentance, I hope I am a penitent Sinner — I have, 'tis true, but little Time to live, and cannot shew the Sincerity of my Repentance by *many* Instances of the Fruits of it; but, if I know any thing of my own Heart, I can truly say, That if I have any Desire of living, it does not arise from any Consideration so much as that it would
give

give me an Opportunity of making good those holy Resolutions I have made—What is Life to me, with my good Name and Character gone? shunn'd and avoided by the virtuous and sober Part of Mankind? What indeed is Life in the gayest Scenes of it? I profess to you, Sir, I have had more Pleasure in one Hour's Conversation with you, than in all the gay Vanities I have ever engaged in.

This he repeated on many Occasions; and particularly the Day before his Death, in the Presence of several of his Brother's Friends, who came to visit him; and this more especially for the Ease, as he expressed himself, of his poor afflicted Brother's Heart.

In one of the Conversations I had with him, I told him, It gave me no great Token of that Sincerity of Heart which I would wish him to have, when I saw the Defence he made on his Tryal, and the evasive Ways in which he endeavoured to elude the Force of the Confessions he had made before Justice *L.* and the Evidence given against him at the *Old Bailey*.

To this he answered, That what he had done on that Occasion, was by the Advice of a Lawyer—That nobody was deceived—Nobody *less* believed that he was guilty, by any thing he there said—That he thought it a just Defence in Law; and besides, should this Plea have availed for the saving of his Life, the Disgrace that an infamous Death would bring on his Family would have been prevented, and he had determined, by the Help of God, to spend his Life in shewing the Sincerity of his Repentance, and the holy Resolutions he had taken up.

Upon

Upon my saying, I had heard that his Father was a Minister in *Ireland*, he burst into a sudden Flood of Tears; and said, Yes, Sir, my dear Father was a Minister of the same Denomination with yourself, who, as long as he lived, took care of my Education and Principles: But all this aggravates my Guilt, and leaves me more inexcusable than the poor ignorant Wretches who are to die with me—I thank God he did not live to see this Day! This would have broken his Heart, and brought his grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.

And this he spoke with such a Warmth, and in so pathetic a Manner, as greatly affected me.

I told him I had heard, that he had lived very ill with his Wife; and that his Cruelty greatly contributed to her Death.

He answered, That the ill-natured World was always ready to load the Unfortunate, especially those in his miserable Circumstances—That he had Guilt enough in other kinds to answer for; but that, as to this Charge, it was absolutely false; for that all his Neighbours could testify, that while they lived together, they lived as happily as most People in their Circumstances did. And, I think, I have some Reason to believe this, from the tender Leave his Wife's Mother took of him, and what I heard her say to him the Night before his Execution. I remember she took his Hand, with great Tenderness; and lifting it to her Lips, said, Thou wast always the Darling of my Soul. And I took the more Notice of this, because of the Report above-mentioned.

In one Conversation I had with him, I took Occasion to talk over to him the Parable of the prodigal Son, in which I thought there was something peculiarly suitable to his Circumstances.

O, Sir, said I, you *have taken your Journey into a far Country*; far from the Way in which you were trained up by a pious Father; far from the Way in which I understand you have often been counselled to walk by your worthy Brother; and have *spent your Substance among Harlots*, in *riotous Living*, in *Gaming*, in *public Diversions*, in expensive and sordid, tho' too fashionable Pleasures; and when your own Substance did not supply your Extravagances, you have made cruel Inroads into the Substance and Property of others!

It is true! said he: It is true! This is an Emblem of what my Life was for some Years! Such a *Prodigal* have I been!

And, O, Sir, proceeded I, let me carry your Thoughts farther into the Parable, and beg you to consider to what this Course of Life has brought you—Your Circumstances are like a *mighty Famine in the Land*, and you *more than begin to see yourself in Want*. All the Companions of your loose Hours desert you: I have heard of their visiting you in the *Gate-house*, and giving you Money, and of their flattering you with Hopes even to Certainty of Life; but they *now* slink away; hide their Faces from you; give you up to the Justice of the Laws, and are ashamed to have it thought they ever knew you. Indeed their Visits now would but distract you, and give you a keener Sense of the Misery of your present Condition. Could they even save your Life, they
could

could not restore your lost Name and Character; much less could they restore your Innocence, and Peace of Mind and Conscience. —

O, Sir, reply'd he, Your Words are true; but they go like Daggers to my Heart. And, after a violent Burst of Tears, he said, *My Love of Pleasure, and of a gay Appearance, has undone me.*

As soon as I found his Mind a little compos'd, I told him, I did not make these Representations merely to terrify him, but to give him as lively a Sense as I could of the Greatness of his Crimes, and how stupid a Folly his Way of Life had been; and to induce him to take the same Course the *Prodigal* in the Parable did; a Course on which all his Safety and Hope depended; and that was, *to arise, and go to his Father*, and, in the Prodigal's Language, *to say to him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am not worthy to be called thy Son!* —

The Father in the Parable, applied I, is the God of Heaven, whom you have offended, whom you have left, and departed from, and your Desertion of whom has brought you into these wretched Circumstances. You have no Help but in him whom you have forsaken: Arise, then, and go to Him in the Prodigal's Temper of Mind, and prostrate yourself before Him, with his Words; and from this Scripture (which is the whole Gospel represented in a Parabolical Way) you have a Warrant to expect, that your Reception will be like what the Prodigal's was!

I represented this in the strong Terms of that Scripture; which I plainly saw melted down his Heart.

I then opened to him (as amply as the Streightness of my Time would give me Leave) the Design of our Saviour's coming into the World ; The Greatness of his Love to Sinners ; The Nature of the Covenant of Grace founded in his Blood ; and, The Necessity of believing in Him, as the Foundation of his Hopes towards God : But I had the less need to insist upon these great Topics with him, as he talked of them in Sentiments and Language surprising in one whose Thoughts had long been Strangers to these important Subjects ; and it must be owned, that he was really a Man of good natural Sense, and had an handsome Elocution.

When I represented to him, in the Expressions of the Scriptures—the Height and Depth, the Length and Breadth, of the Love of Christ—The Promises and Encouragements given to repenting, returning Sinners—The Instance of *Paul*, who, after Persecution and Blasphemy, obtained Mercy ; and obtained it, that in him Jesus Christ might shew a Pattern of Long-suffering—The Case of the Thief on the Cross, so exactly parallel to his own ; and many other Things that offered to my Mind in that Conversation—I could see, by his Gestures, and his Countenance, that his Heart burned within him ; and, ever after that time, there was a more visible Serenity and Composure in his Mind. He would often say, with his Eyes fixed upwards—O God ! Thou knowest the Contrition of my Heart ; I hate and loath my Sins ; and I will not despair of Thy Mercy ! I cast myself on Thy Mercy, O my God, thro' the Merits and Intercession of my blessed Saviour ; and in thee I *will* trust !

Early

Early in my Attendance on him, I asked him, If he had any Hope of a Respite?

He answered, Very little.

I told him, That he had, as I apprehended, very little Foundation for any Hope—That (if the public Papers were to be depended on) Robberies were so frequent, committed too by People of a genteel Appearance like his, that the Administration found it necessary to execute the utmost Severity of the Law.

He said, that if those in Power thought it necessary to make an Example of him in order to deter others, he acquiesced; and begged of God, that such wicked Men as he had been, might take Warning by his Example. And, Sir, proceeded he, let me intreat you, when I am gone, to press my sad Example as a Warning to young Men, to shun the Courses that have ruined me. *Glad I should be, if, as my Life has been vile, my Death might be useful.*—I remember it was with great Earnestness that he spoke this.

And, on another Occasion, with equal Earnestness, lamenting that he had not been brought up to some Employment that would have made Industry necessary, instead of the Writing and Accounts, which, as a genteeler Business, was chosen for him; O, Sir, said he, I have often in my Necessities, before I had broken in upon my Innocence, thought, that had I had a mechanic Trade in my Hands, that would have employed my *whole Time*, altho' I could have earned by it but Ten Shillings a Week, I had been an happy Man!

Upon my telling him, that I had heard a Number of his Friends had once raised a little Contribution

bation to enable him to ship himself for *Jamaica*, in order to try his Fortune there ; but that, instead of using it for that Purpose, he went to a Masquerade, and gamed with it ;

He said, It was very true : He *had* done so, and *that* was the Beginning of his Sorrows — That he went to Three Masquerades — Was at first a little successful in Gaming, and hoped, by his Success, to have got enough to buy a little military Post ; but that he soon lost his All ; and, having likewise lost his Friends by his Abuse of their Benevolence, and pawned and sold all he had, he, by the Persuasion of *Plunkett*, took to the Highway : With him, he said, he had committed many Robberies ; and that he was the only Accomplice he ever had. Murder, he said, his Soul abhorred ; and that he would not have the Guilt of innocent Blood lie at his Door for a Thousand Worlds. — But, alas ! how knew the unhappy Man, when he entered upon his vile Courses, to what they might have brought him ? And how happy was it, that he lived not to incur this heavier Guilt ; which might have been, too probably, the Consequence of his unlawful Attempts ; and which, in that Case, would have rendered his eternal Happiness still more precarious ; and perhaps added Despair of God's Mercies to his other Sins !

In attending him the Day after the Dead-Warrant came down, I found no additional Dejection or Sadness in his Mind or Countenance, but rather a more visible Composure. He said, He was resigned to his Lot, and should even *rejoice* if his Death might be an useful Warning to others.

He told me, he saw in me a tender Concern for
the

the Welfare of his Soul, and would be guided by my Advice in every thing relating to it ; and therefore asked me whether I would advise him to receive the Sacrament, the Morning of the Execution, with the other Criminals ?

I answered, That I had not the least Objection to it ; That, as it was a Rite of our Saviour's own appointing, for a Memorial of his Body broken, and his Blood shed, for the Remission of Sins, and as it was to be done often, it might be done also acceptably and usefully then ; but suggested, that his Education had been such, that he had no need to be warned against considering it as a *Charm*, or a *Passport*, which I was afraid many poor ignorant Creatures in like unhappy Circumstances did.

Upon my making an Inquiry about a Youth of a most ingenuous Countenance, whose devout Deportment at the Chapel I had taken notice of, he told me, That Youth had been condemned with the rest ; but was respited for Transportation for Life—That he still chose to continue in the Cell with Mr. *Smith* and him (tho' he *might* command a little more Liberty) to assist, and be assisted by, them, in the holy Resolutions they had severally made ; and I rejoice, said he, in the Reason I have to believe, that he will be a very good Man, and spend well the Life that has been spared. He told me, that this Youth and he, as they had Opportunity, went among the other Prisoners that were ordered for Execution, to instruct, and pray with them, and prepare them for Death. He related to me several Instances of the Hardiness of some of them, that shocked me to hear ; and I verily think he was as much shocked at them as myself ;

myself; and pitied their Souls which were going into Eternity in such a hardened Condition.

I improved all these Things as Grounds on which I thought he might build Hopes of his Sincerity—That to love, and rejoice in, any Goodness he saw in others, was a Sign of some Goodness in his own Heart; and to have a Concern for the Salvation of other Mens Souls, might be considered, especially in the Circumstances he was in, as an Evidence, that he had a real Concern for his own.

The Day before his Execution, I attended him along with a worthy Gentleman, a Friend of his Brother, and one who had been a great Friend to him at all times: This Gentleman had put into my Hands a Letter to the unhappy Man from his Brother, to be delivered by me to him. In the Presence of that Gentleman, and several Gentlemen from *Holland*, of his Brother's Acquaintance, he expressed the same Sentiments of Penitence, and Hope in God thro' Jesus Christ, that he had often expressed to me before in private.

On my saying to him, that God delighted in them that *fear* him, and them that *hope in his Mercy*; and that *Hope* in the Mercy of God was as truly honouring that Perfection of his Nature, as *fearing* him was doing Honour to his Majesty, Justice, and Holiness; he said, I don't despair; I do hope in the Mercy of God, and will do so to my last Breath.

I thought this a proper time to produce his Brother's Letter. On my saying to him, that what was in my Hands was a Letter to him from his Brother, he burst into a most violent Agony of Grief; and said, O my dear Brother—I have broken *his* Heart! On which Occasion I thought it not improper to represent

represent the Reason he had to be very humble before God for his Crimes in *that* View, as bringing Distress on so worthy a Person as the Man who wrote that Letter must be: And I observed to him, that Vice was like the Plague; by which a Man does not only die himself, but scatters Death all around him.

This Observation brought to my Mind, what passed between us in a former Conversation. I asked him, If he had ever a Child? He said, Yes; he had a Girl of Five Years old: And added, in a very pathetic Tone of Voice, lifting up his Hands, O my dear innocent Babe!—I have brought Infamy and Shame upon thee!

After some Pause, with his Brother's Letter in his Hand, and as if hesitating whether he should read it, or no, he said, I have been long educated to Sorrow; and, cutting as this Letter will be to my Heart, I *must* read it!

And beginning with the first Words, *Unhappy Brother!* he cried out, in great Anguish of Spirit, *Unhappy indeed!* And then, endeavouring to compose himself, read the Letter, with Emotions of Mind suitable to the Solemnity of its Contents. The Letter follows: And if this Account should ever come under the sorrowful Eye of the excellent Man who penn'd it, let this acquaint him, how greatly he who writes This, honours his Worth, and sympathizes with his great Affliction!

‘ *Hague, Sept. 22. N.S. 1750.*

‘ *Unhappy Brother!*

‘ **Y**OU have put it out of my Power to write to you without Distraction of Mind: Your
C State

' State and Condition is so deplorable, and the Cir-
 ' cumstances of it (to which I cannot accustom
 ' my Thoughts) so strange, and to me so terrible,
 ' that I should have no Repose, did not the Di-
 ' vine Comforts of Religion support me, on the
 ' one hand, and my Sorrow and Affliction work
 ' upon me, sometimes the dismal Effect of Insen-
 ' sibility, on the other.

' When I speak of your deplorable State, I do
 ' not mean only the Sufferings that load you, nor
 ' the Infamy that, alas! too justly pursues you,
 ' and will perhaps unjustly attack those that belong
 ' to you: These, indeed, are terrible Evils: But,
 ' in my Esteem, they are nothing in Comparison
 ' with the Crimes that have occasioned them:
 ' And would to God you could think so! I don't
 ' mention your Crimes now to express my Indig-
 ' nation at your Conduct, but rather my Com-
 ' passion for your immortal Soul: My Indigna-
 ' tion is almost lost in a Sense of your Misery: I
 ' mention your Crimes chiefly to penetrate your
 ' Heart with that deep Contrition, that the very
 ' Workings of Conscience should produce, if there
 ' was not upon Earth one Mortal to be a Witness
 ' of your Guilt, or to pursue it with the Punish-
 ' ment it deserves.

' Consider, O consider, in the first place, that
 ' All-seeing God, whose sacred Laws and Majesty
 ' you have trampled upon by such daring, such
 ' heinous, such unjustifiable Transgressions: Did
 ' not He, in His adorable Goodness, give you that
 ' Health and Strength, and those Opportunities,
 ' which many want, that you might push your-
 ' self in the World by honest and virtuous Industry?

' And

‘ And have you not often been told, that such
 ‘ Industry, through the Bounty of Providence,
 ‘ would always procure a Provision in Life suf-
 ‘ ficient for a good Mind; a Provision sweetened
 ‘ by those sacred Delights of a peaceful Con-
 ‘ science, which the World cannot give; and
 ‘ which, amidst all its Changes, it cannot take
 ‘ away? Lost to the Sense of God as your Bene-
 ‘ factor, did you not also lose the View of Him,
 ‘ as your Judge, who has in his Hands your ever-
 ‘ lasting Condition? In the same Acts did you not
 ‘ ungratefully despise His Goodness, that gave you
 ‘ Life and Being, and daringly defy that Almighty
 ‘ Justice that can make them both miserable to
 ‘ you for ever? Have you not sinned against the
 ‘ Ashes of those tender Parents, that took care
 ‘ to educate you in the Fear of God, and in the
 ‘ Principles of Virtue? I bless His Name, that
 ‘ He has removed Them from this World, where,
 ‘ inaccessible to Sorrow and Pain, the Sight of
 ‘ your Misery cannot reach them, to embitter the
 ‘ Springs of their Happiness, as it has done with
 ‘ respect to mine in this Life. The unhappy
 ‘ Companion of your Iniquity will bring down
 ‘ the grey Hairs of his with Sorrow to the Grave;
 ‘ tho’ they have This for their Comfort, that it
 ‘ will be in a good and pious old Age.

‘ I judge also, how far you have been aban-
 ‘ don’d, when not only the Excellence of Virtue,
 ‘ the Horrors of Vice, the Presence of the great
 ‘ God, and the Prospect of his tremendous Judg-
 ‘ ments, had no Effect upon your Soul, to startle
 ‘ it in the Pursuit of such an enormous Course;
 ‘ but when you were even lost to a Sense of Self-

‘ preservation, a Principle that remains often in
 ‘ the greatest Wretches, to hinder them from such
 ‘ Crimes, even when every good and worthy Dis-
 ‘ position is intirely fled. It is true, indeed, that
 ‘ a Man is not in the least praise-worthy who ab-
 ‘ stains, from such a low Principle as Self-preser-
 ‘ vation only: But, alas! on the other hand, it
 ‘ is also true, that Wickedness must be grown to
 ‘ a great Height, when a Principle so strong as
 ‘ Self-preservation will not stop its Course: How
 ‘ few are the Examples of those that have escaped
 ‘ after the Commission of such Crimes as yours?
 ‘ Has not the Divine Justice seized the most of
 ‘ them here, to give them a Fore-taste of what
 ‘ their Crimes may expect hereafter? See, O un-
 ‘ happy Offender! what Fools Vice makes of
 ‘ Men! It shuts their Eyes upon Snares and Pre-
 ‘ cipices, that lie as clear before them as the Sun at
 ‘ Noon-day.

‘ When you have entered into all these Consi-
 ‘ derations, let your Sense of Honour arise. If it
 ‘ is not quite extinguished, it will give new Vi-
 ‘ gour to your Contrition: But still let it be the
 ‘ very last Consideration: Honour is only the
 ‘ Opinion of the World: But it is the World’s
 ‘ great Governor and Judge, with whom you
 ‘ have had principally to do. The way to make
 ‘ your Peace with God, will be the Way to re-
 ‘ move from you the Indignation of the World,
 ‘ if it judges right, and if you are to continue in
 ‘ it: But if your Peace is made with Him, it is
 ‘ no matter how the World treats you; for He
 ‘ is greater than the World: O that you could
 ‘ feel by Experience, that God is greater than the
 ‘ World!

' World! But in order to this much is required :
 ' You must first know Him : Prostrate yourself
 ' before his Mercy, as it is offered in the Gospel
 ' to penitent Offenders; and perhaps the Conso-
 ' lations of his undeserved Goodness and Grace
 ' may yet find an Entrance into your Soul. I
 ' implore you, as you regard your Soul's eternal
 ' Welfare, not to indulge the Hopes of Life, as
 ' a Motive to slacken your Repentance; for if you
 ' have a true Sense of your guilty State, you will
 ' think nothing of such immediate and indispen-
 ' sable Necessity as to make your Peace with an
 ' offended God, whether Life or Death awaits
 ' you. You may be disappointed in your Hopes
 ' of Mercy here below. If then, in the Expec-
 ' tation of that, you neglect all other Consider-
 ' ations, Good God! what will become of you?
 ' The Mercies of God are sure to those who seek
 ' for them sincerely; and they will be the best
 ' Preparation for whatever is to be your Lot.
 ' You can be no-way instrumental yourself in the
 ' Means of escaping the Danger that hangs over
 ' you here. O turn not then your Thoughts to
 ' that Side; but turn them to avert the Danger
 ' that hangs over you hereafter; for there you
 ' may be successful by your Contrition and Re-
 ' pentance. May God prepare you for whatever
 ' is to be your Lot! You have my Prayers and
 ' Tears; and I hope you will be enabled to pray
 ' yourself, and to weep over your Transgressions,
 ' as I do. I am, with all Sympathy, and in the
 ' deepest Affliction,

' Yours, &c.

A. M.

‘ I have not heard, that you have applied to any
 ‘ Minister to help you to the Consolations of
 ‘ Religion, and to renew those sacred Instruc-
 ‘ tions that you have, alas! I fear, intirely de-
 ‘ faced in your Heart. I own to you, I have
 ‘ dreadful Fears, that your Sorrow is rather
 ‘ the Effect of Shame and Fear, than a Fruit
 ‘ arising from a Sense of your Guilt. O be-
 ‘ ware of this!

After he had read the Letter, he begg’d to have Leave to read it once more alone, before he return’d it to me.

I then propos’d to the Company present, that we might all unite in offering up a solemn Prayer to God for him; in which, tho’ all unknown to me, and most of them, I believe, unknown to each other, they all most willingly joined; the poor Prisoner devoutly kneeling, and all of us standing round. There, after expressing our Thankfulness to God for that deep Contrition, and good Hope, he had graciously given him, we commended his Soul to the Mercy of God, praying that That Jesus, who had said to the penitent Thief on the Cross, *This Day shalt thou be with me in Paradise*, would receive his departing Spirit.

I hope our Prayers were heard. There was not a dry Eye among us; and, truly, he that could be unaffected at such a Scene, must be hard indeed.

He earnestly begg’d to see Mr. H. (the worthy Gentleman his Brother’s Friend, whom I mentioned before) and me, in the Evening, for the last
 Time,

Time. We went together; and once more, in Prayer, recommended his Soul to God.

When, after Assurance given him, that all proper Care should be taken about his Body (a thing he talked of with the greatest Calmness and Indifference), the Time was come when we must take our last Farewel of him, he said, This was the Bitterness of Death! He eagerly embraced us both, dropt suddenly down on his Knees, and in Accents, the Sound of which will never be out of my Ears, he pray'd to God to bless us both for ever; to prosper us and our Families in all our Undertakings; and eternally reward us for all the Compassion and Love we had shewn to such a poor unworthy Creature, as he said he was!

Before I left the unhappy Man, he, with modest Apologies for the Trouble it would be to me, but with beseeching Eyes, asked me, If he were not to see me in the Morning?

I told him, It would but renew his Grief, and mine. I could add nothing to what I had said to him—That little could be said amidst the Hurry of the next Morning; and there would be such Crouds at the Prison-Doors, that it was not likely I should be able to get to him; and he acquiesced. But having Occasion to go to the Prison about an Hour after he was gone, I saw the young Man I mentioned before, who told me, he spent the whole Night with him in Prayer and Devotion.

At going into the Cart, he was heard to say, by one who told it me, O my God! I have forsaken thee! But I will trust in thee! And all the Accounts I have received of his Behaviour in his Passage to the Place of Execution, and at it, concur
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in testifying, that he went through the whole awful Scene with a manly Firmness, join'd with all the Appearances of true Devotion ; and I hope has found that Mercy with God which he so earnestly fought.

These are all the Things that are worth mentioning, with relation to my Concern with this unhappy Man. What to think concerning *him*, is left to every one's own Judgment. I shall, however, make a few Reflections on the Account I have given, which I hope will fall in with the Ends of Providence, and of Government too, in *cutting him off from among the People*.

In the first place, I wish the gay licentious Youth of Figure and Fortune would receive a Lesson of Instruction from the Fate of this unhappy young Man. His Associations with such, even to Intimacy and Endearment, are well known : While modest Worth is shunn'd and despised, any thing with a good exterior Figure, and a gay Appearance, will obtain Access—For their Honour's sake, it were to be wished they would be a little more curious in their Intimacies, and in the Choice of those whom they make the Companions of their Intrigues. If they will prey, let it be on one another. If they will ruin, let it be those whose own Fortunes only will suffer by it ; and not those who must recruit themselves for their Company by Depredations on the Public—lest they should happen to find their Intimates on the Road, and meet To-morrow as a Highwayman the Man whom To-night they were caressing as a Friend, and with whom they were gaming, intriguing, and rioting, as a Companion.

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In the next place, let the Fall of this Man be a Lesson to young People of moderate or low Circumstances, to be content in the humbler Stations they were designed to fill, and there to persist in a Course of *virtuous Industry*: And be it a Warning to them not to affect a Taste and Appearance above themselves.

This Man desired me to press this strongly upon Youth: And certainly the Neglect of this Lesson is that which fills our Prisons, and obliges Society to unload itself so often, and in so solemn, and, to tender Minds, in so shocking a manner, as it does in the public Executions, of which we in this great City are so often Witnesses.

He said, It was to his Inattention to this useful Lesson, and to his unhappy Taste for Gaiety of Appearance, that he owed his Ruin.

Nor let idle and vain young People of *this Class* imagine, that their Intimacies with idle and vain young People in a *higher Life*, will screen them, when guilty, from public Justice. This deluded young Man found them to operate quite differently: His supposed Interest undid him: It opened the Cry of the Public against him; and gave a keener Edge to the Sword of Justice than possibly it might have had against one so piously descended, and so worthily related. The gay Youth of *Quality* may carefs and promise much; but their wiser Fathers know better: They will chastise their Children in the Shame and Punishment of their *low Associates*, and in this way give them a Conviction (cheap to themselves) of the Sacredness and Majesty of Laws, the Veneration that is due to Virtue, and the Odiousness and Horror of Vice and Wickedness.

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And,

And, if this poor Paper should happen to meet the Eye of any of our Governors.—let it entreat them, for the sake of *God*, and *despised Religion*; in the Name of Virtue, Order, Decency, common Safety, and common Protection—and of every thing that by their Office is their Care—as they chuse to be Governors of *Men* rather than Masters of *Goats* and *Swine*, *Foxes*, *Wolves*, and—*Monkeys*—that they would think of putting some effectual Stop to those Marts of Lewdness and Gaming, and those Nurseries of all Vices, called by the softer Name of *Public Diversions*; especially those where all Distinctions of Quality, Fortune, and Sex, are confounded; and where so much as Shame, the thinnest Defence and Guard of Virtue, is dropt. Let 'em not think it enough to lop off now-and-then a *corrupt Branch*; but let them *lay the Ax to the Root of the Tree*, and not *purge the Iniquity of the People* in a few small Streams only, but purify the Fountains by which all the Streams are fed.

This unhappy Man told me more than once, that he dated his Guilt and Ruin from the first Moment he stepped into a *Masquerade*.

Finally, as none but the basest of Men can, from this melancholy Occurrence, so much as *think* a Reflection on any worthy Relation of this unhappy Man, so nothing that happens in the World, of a Kind like this, should discourage the Care of Parents in the Education of their Children in Religion, and the Principles of Virtue and Honour.

This Man stands an Instance, that the Principles of the best Education may be counter-acted in further Life; but this proves no more, than
that

that any Man may be wicked, and undo himself, if he will; and that Pride, Vanity, and such unruly Passions, are sometimes too hard for Reason, Conscience, a Sense of Honour, and all the Principles that were instilled in early Life. However, there is this great Advantage in them, that they are sometimes instrumental in helping to bring a Wanderer home, and in reclaiming a Man from Courses of Wickedness, which they did not prevent his falling into. An Extremity of Distress and Misery, especially when there is a Consciousness that 'tis self-created, and the Work of Mens own Hands, often *plows up the fallow Ground of the Heart*, brings out the Seeds that had long been overlaid and bury'd, and, with the Assistance of Divine Grace, often leads Sinners to Repentance, and *saves their Souls from eternal Death*.

The Reader, who has been gratified, and, it is hoped, edified, by the excellent Letter of the Reverend Mr. *Archibald Maclaine*, the worthy Brother of the unhappy Man who is the Subject of these Papers (inserted in p. 17, &c.), cannot fail of being pleased with the following Letter from the same pious Hand.

My dear Sir,

‘ **I**T is truly impossible for me to express the deep
 ‘ and grateful Sense I have of that Friendship,
 ‘ Humanity, and generous Zeal, that you have
 ‘ shewn in the Case of my wretched and unhappy
 ‘ Brother. Your discreet and kind Letter to me
 ‘ upon this melancholy Subject, gave me the
 ‘ highest Sentiments of your Wisdom, as well as
 ‘ of the amiable Tendernefs of your Compassion:

‘ And shall for ever hinder it from being possible
 ‘ for me to forget how much I owe you.

‘ I always believed myself exposed to Affliction:
 ‘ I laid my Accounts for many: I had begun to
 ‘ feel some: But could never dream of the Possibi-
 ‘ lity of such as have been now sent to cast a Cloud
 ‘ over my Days, and bring down my Head (in all
 ‘ Appearance before it grows grey) with Sorrow to
 ‘ the Grave.

‘ What Anguish must it bring to my Soul, to
 ‘ see not only all Sense of Virtue, of Providence,
 ‘ and a Judgment to come, but also all Sense of
 ‘ Honour and Shame, lost in one, whom the
 ‘ Ties of Nature oblige me to call *Brother!* To
 ‘ see him fall, not once only, through a sudden
 ‘ Fit of Despair, into such an infamous Crime
 ‘ (which, though inexcusable, would yet have
 ‘ been less heinous); but to go on (as I find by
 ‘ Mr. *D*——’s Letter) for the matter of almost Two
 ‘ Years, in that horrid Course! O my dear *H*——,
 ‘ this overcomes me; this weighs me to the Ground!

‘ You talk to me of his Penitence. God grant
 ‘ it may flow from right Principles! Fear and
 ‘ Shame excite a Sorrow that has often the Mien
 ‘ of Repentance, without the Thing. If he re-
 ‘ pents truly, let him consider the horrible Nature
 ‘ of his Crimes, the Blackness of their Guilt, and
 ‘ the righteous Majesty of Heaven, that is offended
 ‘ by them. Let his Heart be melted with Sor-
 ‘ row; not so much for the Misery he feels, as for
 ‘ the Offences that have been its Cause: Let him
 ‘ not weep over the *Consequences* of his Crimes, but
 ‘ over the *Crimes* themselves. His outward Mi-
 ‘ sery is little: It is but the dark Vision of a Day,
 ‘ even

' even when his Life is prolonged to the utmost : But
 ' the Want of a peaceful Conscience, and a Soul
 ' loaded with Guilt unrepented of, will poison the
 ' Springs of Happiness for ever, and make a dismal
 ' and miserable Appearance, when the Secrets of
 ' all Hearts shall be opened. My Prayers to
 ' Heaven are put up for him Night and Day : That
 ' God may open his Eyes, and make the Adver-
 ' sity his Guilt has involved him in, the Means of
 ' his Reformation. Mr. J——, our common
 ' and worthy Friend, will, no doubt, have com-
 ' municated to you the Orders I have given with
 ' respect to his Necessities. I have at present a
 ' most dismal Head-ach ; which, with the An-
 ' guish of my Heart, prevents my saying any
 ' more, than that I am with all Sincerity and Truth,

*Your ever obliged, and most
 affectionate humble Servant,*

A. Maclaine.

*Mr. Maclaine's Letter to his Friend, written the
 Morning of his Execution.*

' *My Cell in Newgate, One o' Clock,
 ' Wednesday Morning.*

' **L**EST I should be refused the Liberty of
 ' bidding my dearest R. a last and melan-
 ' choly Farewel, I have begged a Minute, which
 ' at this time is worth more to me than Worlds,
 ' to do it in this manner.

' Oh, my dear, dear Friend ! may You live
 ' long and happy ! But consider, the way to
 ' procure that Happiness is by earnestly pursu-
 ' ing a religious virtuous Life. Your Youth may
 ' naturally

' naturally prompt you too much to a Fondness
 ' for the Gaieties of Life: Oh! in That never
 ' let your Inclinations get the better of your Reason;
 ' for the indulging of those Appetites produces many bad Consequences: As I am so plain an Example of it, that I need say no more,
 ' I hope, to convince You of it. Oh! I wish you could, for one Minute, see the World with my Eyes at this time, and you would not hazard a happy Eternity to be King of it. For God's sake let me beg of you, if you should find your Desires for the Gaieties of Life, or any vicious Disposition, grow troublesome, think of your unfortunate poor *Mac-laine*, whose Ruin proceeded from such Dispositions not restrained, that I fear you are not a Stranger to. I wish you Happiness, more than I can well express, or would not take up my precious Minutes at this time, to give you an Advice that I hope you will think of.

' My dear, dear Mr. *H.* has got two Books, an Inkhorn, therein a Seal, which, with my last Blessing, I beg you'll carry to my good old Landlady at *Chelsea*. And, my dear Friend, I beg you'll get the little Bible I spoke to you about from Mr. *S.* and after you tear the Leaf out, present it to which of ——— Dr. *Allen's* Family you please, with my affectionate Blessing to them all. My Sleeve-Buttons you are to give to poor *N. B.* with my last Blessing to her, ———, ———, and ———, &c. My Mother-in-law was here this Evening, who begs my Shoe-Buckles, to keep for my poor dear Child; which I think unnecessary; but,

' as

‘ as she has no other Token from me, I would
 ‘ indulge her in it. The Stock and Knee-Buckles
 ‘ I desire you’ll keep, and wear for my sake.
 ‘ And I would have you convert all my Linen
 ‘ Stock you get from my Washerwoman into
 ‘ Cash, and would have you give my poor Mo-
 ‘ ther-in-law two or three Guineas to buy some
 ‘ Coals for the Winter, and any little Necessary
 ‘ the poor Child may want. Write to my poor
 ‘ afflicted Sister: Direct, To Mrs. *Anne-Jane*
 ‘ *Maclaine*, at *Market-hill*, in the County of
 ‘ *Armagh, Ireland*.

‘ Have my *Life* done as soon as you can, to
 ‘ prevent any-body else doing it after I am no
 ‘ more: And let it be done in a modest penitent
 ‘ manner. I would desire you, if there are any
 ‘ Profits arising from it, to let my poor Orphan
 ‘ be a Sharer.

‘ I will now commit my poor Body to your
 ‘ Care; which, I hope, you’ll see decently in-
 ‘ terr’d, and take all the necessary Precautions to
 ‘ prevent my being a Prey to the Surgeons.

‘ To the Care and Providence of the Almighty
 ‘ I most heartily commit you; and that you may
 ‘ lead such a Life here, as will entitle you to
 ‘ Heaven hereafter, is the sincere Wish and
 ‘ Prayer of

Your loving, affectionate,

dying Friend,

J. Maclaine.

‘ Oh! farewell, till we meet in Heaven!

‘ I cannot help telling you, before I finish, the
‘ present State of my Mind ; and, as I think
‘ I am within Eleven Hours of Eternity,
‘ will not tell a Lye. My dear R. I never
‘ was so happy within myself since I was
‘ born ; nor ever found my Mind in that
‘ Serenity in my Life, that I now do ; and
‘ have got so far above the Fears of Death,
‘ that I shall go to Execution without being
‘ daunted, but rather with Eagerness, as I
‘ begin to long to be with my dear and
‘ blessed Redeemer, who, I hope, will be
‘ ready to receive my precious Soul, when it
‘ departs from its mortal Habitation. You’ll
‘ find Difficulty in reading this ; but my Si-
‘ tuation will apologize.

‘ Once more, my Dearest, farewell ! and re-
‘ member me for ever.’

F I N I S.